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NORMAN J. COLMAN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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AGRICULTURE.

AGRICULTURAL MATTERS.

[We take pleasure in laying before our readers the following letter from Chas. D. Bragdon, Esq. late editor of the *Prairie Farmer*, and more recently one of the editors of the *Rural New Yorker*. Friend B. is one of our ablest writers on agricultural matters, and we should be pleased to hear from him often. He has our thanks for his communication.]

FRIEND COLMAN: I promised to write something for your *Rural World*. I have just been reading your issue of June 15th, and some things or thoughts occur to me in consequence. You know I am now looking at agriculture from a practical stand-point. The dust of labor is upon me, and the gladdening and vitalizing influences, which contact with nature exerts, are controlling and benefiting me.

"THE WHOLE SECRET."

"The whole secret against bad crops is, knowing how." So you say in your leader in the issue above referred to. Nay, nay, Bro. Colman; respectfully, but firmly, it is not so—or, rather, that is only *half* the secret. The whole secret is in knowing how and *doing as well as you know*. Do you stand corrected? Why there are thousands of men who will tell you they know how things ought to be done, but never do them as they should. I know a man who has a good sub-soil plow, and a stiff, clayey sub-soil under a good strong loam. He knows it will pay him to use the sub-soil plow, whenever he puts the surface-plow into the ground; but I do not believe he has done it the past five years. And I do know that his crops have failed in consequence of this neglect to do what he knew ought to have been done and how to do.

Do you say, he is a fool, then? Nothing of the sort. True, he is foolish—at least unwise. But do you not know, that doubling the labor ordinarily put on an acre of land in its preparation for a crop, is doubling the amount of faith a man has in God's producing providence? and that there are very few men who have the required amount? At least they do not prove their faith by their works. They have not studied logic enough. I am satisfied that if farmers were better logicians, the crops of the country would be doubled within the year. For then they would arrive more directly and positively at the mental condition necessary for a man who invests twice the ordinary amount of labor and money in the preparation of soil for a crop, and in the care of the crop after it is planted.

No, sir; a man may be a walking farm encyclopedia of facts and knowledge, and yet if he does not do what he knows ought to be done, and how to do, he will be as likely to have bad crops as his more ignorant neighbor.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

"If our agricultural papers would at once take under their peculiar patronage and power the whole subject of a proper rural education, from the A. B. C. school up to the university, they would find an exhaustless theme," &c.—So says our mutual friend Prof. Turner.

There, is where rural education must commence—in the A. B. C. school or very soon after it. To this end we must have teachers qualified to do something besides perpetuate the educational system and curriculum of the school-men. These teachers must be made from the material which enters our State Normal schools to qualify for educational work.—Learning farming and learning the sciences which relate to and affect each manipulation in agriculture, are two things. The latter can and should be taught and learned in the schools; the former can only be taught and learned on a farm.

Let us not expect too much from our so-called agricultural schools. If we expect much at present beyond a more critical attention to practical science, we shall expect too much.—The advertisement of what are called Agricultural Courses of Study, by our seminaries and colleges, is doing what was long ago predicted would result from a real *bona fide* demand for specific agricultural education—the inauguration of an effort to supply the demand. Let farmers' sons prefer such institutions in their selection of their *alma mater*.

But let no one suppose that the writer would have the Congressional Grant diverted from the course specified in the terms of appropriation. Let what may accrue to each State from the scrip thus donated by the General Government, be employed directly and specifically to the furnishing a professional agricultural and mechanical education to such young men as may desire it. And let it be used in furnishing first what may only be the A. B. C. of such an education. There are men who can be selected to give instruction in these specialties, who may not have studied them with any view to their adaptation or relation to agriculture, but whose powers of generalization as well as analysis will enable them quickly to prepare themselves for this work of instruction. Such men should be sought out, their services secured, that their work of preparation for their more specific duties may begin at once.

HELLEBORE AND INSECTS.

Your readers may have tried it; but if not, they should know what I have learned by both observation and experience and the testimony of my friends and neighbors—that white hellebore will destroy most of the insect pests which prey upon currants, gooseberries, and vines of all kinds. The powder sprinkled upon the vines or foliage of the bushes when the dew is on, saves them and destroys the pests. C. D. B.

Room.—The farmer should have room for everything: nothing should be crowded. Crowded cattle will hook each other; will propagate disease. Hens huddled together, will not lay—but will gather vermin. So with grass, grain and vegetables; crowded, they will spindle, and shrink, and never fully mature—because their full energies were not permitted to develop.—They lack elbow-room; they lack air; they lack sun; they are crowded, stunted.

A clean garden indicates a clean mind in the possessor.

Growing Potatoes Successfully.

Mr. Goodrich, of Utica, has done much for the potato—more, perhaps, than any other man, if not all taken together. He has not only demonstrated the most successful raising, but has given us new varieties, mostly free from rot. He has taken pains to get the original tubers from South America, from which we get the Garnet Chili, and others. Mr. Goodrich has demonstrated—if that word is not too strong—that the German notion of the potato disease is not orthodox.

As to the most successful growth of potatoes, a light soil is the thing. In hard earth it is difficult for tubers to expand—the ground resists too much. Besides, the air is excluded. In light, friable soil, these two objections are obviated. Hence, as every one knows, the light soil of re-claimed muck-beds, and of new land, is best for potatoes.

Perhaps the best manure for potatoes, is potash, with decomposed wood matter. These two principles are found largely in new land. Wood-ashes and chip manure are excellent for tubers. If the Garnet or some other late sort is used, there need be no fear of a crop if the season is at all favorable. This is encouraging.

To guard against drouth, avoid hills, that is, hilling potatoes. Avoid the habit, though it may seem unwise. The hill dries the ground from the side, as well as from the top—in the level ground, only from the surface.

We should plant well apart, and with large seed, if we wish to raise large potatoes. Close planting with small seed—bits of potatoes—will give small tubers. The mean between will give us the best and an equal quantity of potatoes. There will be less small ones, less large ones: there will be a fair size and a fine grain. Manure, if the soil is poor, may be used in the hill, or on the surface if the planting is shallow. The manure—or in its absence, coarse straw—will act most excellently, keeping the ground moist—for the potato wants much moisture. The mulch may be applied very thick on potatoes, if it is a mulch of straw.—Six inches is not too thick. In such a case the planting should be shallow—only an inch or two. Without the mulch, double that depth.

GROWING OATS.

The soil in many parts of the West is too rich for oats. Look upon the fields, and this will be readily seen: the grain is lodged in all directions—often lodged prematurely—and then the crop is, comparatively, a failure. This can be avoided by sowing on light, poor soil. The grain will not then lodge.

There are seasons of drouth; then a rich soil will do for oats—is all the better; but we cannot depend upon drouth.

Select then your soil where grain is not apt to lodge; but if you have no poor soil, then sow thick. This will lessen the size of the stalk, and answer somewhat the purpose of a poor soil, giving you at the same time a fair, close crop.

We do not sow early enough. Oats should be sowed in February or the first of March,

if possible: you cannot get oats in too early.—The crop not only matures earlier, but escapes rust and blight. Your straw will be the better, and your grain. Always cut when the crop is yet comparatively green—when the seed is in its dough, so that your straw, when cured, assumes a pale-green tinge. It is remarkable how green oats can be cut, and be all the heavier, and the straw all the better—nearly as good as hay if cut fine with a straw-cutter.

Now is a good time to have your ground in view for oats the next year. Plow in the fall, and sow early.

TOO MUCH LAND.

Perplexity! there is nothing worse for the farmer—for instance, having too much work to do, calling for his help in all directions, overpowering him at last, so that much of the work must be left undone, or but half done. Is not this the case, oh my friends? You know it by a sad experience—and, you are going to continue the thing? You think, "It is hard to get out of it: I have the land on my hands; and I am so situated that the work—has me." And so you keep on.

Now, if you had a little home, where you could look at every thing with full attention—time to think it over, and time to do it—and then do it right. Would not that make you happier? The very thought of snugness—everything in its place, and a place for everything—would give you such a refreshing sense, that you would be contented and happy almost before you were aware. Then you would live; then you would have time to live, with a little time for other purposes—visiting, recreation, &c.

KEEPING COOL CELLARS.

The season has arrived for warm cellars.—Nothing is easier in our changeable climate than to keep a cool cellar. Open windows at night when weather is cool, and shut when getting warm. Keep shut while warm. For fresh air, open when cool again. Our warm cellars are caused by the warm wind blowing out the cold air and occupying the cellar.—When there is no wind, the cold air will retain its place, as it is heavier than warm. Open then in cold weather, and shut on the approach of warm, or when the cellar is thoroughly cooled. This has always been our practice—and we have found it invariably reliable and efficacious.

HEAVES IN HORSES.

You cannot cure heaves (consumption) in horses more than you can phthisis in man.—But you can mitigate the evil: that is much. Avoid all matter that irritates the lungs, among which dust, in hay and grain, is the worst. This is an old prescription—and is still best. The *Country Gentleman* reports a case where greasy water from washing dishes, with a portion of refuse milk, given for some years, effected a cure. Moistened fodder, with careful treatment, avoiding over-heating, over-exertion, and hurtful exposures of all kinds—is the course taken by humane, intelligent men, to alleviate heaves.

QUALITIES OF HAY.

Timothy for muscle; clover for milk; corn for fat. The Timothy should be cured in full blossom, or a little later. Clover should be cut when first reddening, before it is fully matured. In such case many of the heads are not yet in blossom. This is the time, and the only time, to cut clover. Then all the nutritive juices are in perfection. Such hay—or grass cured—has a slightly laxative tendency—just what is wanted in winter. It will be greedily eaten, even when somewhat touched with mold—and give milk in profusion. This never fails. On the other hand, Timothy, instead of secreting milk, will form muscle; hence, the hay for horses; and hence preferred so generally. Straw, when early cut and properly cured—not dried—has somewhat the quality of clover. But oh, how neglectful we are about the curing of straw, when it is one of the finest of employments. There is a fragrance about such straw—and the pale-green tint—which make it a valuable and most pleasant fodder.

Timothy, then, for horses; clover for milch cows; and straw, well cured and cut, for either. It is excellent to mix with meal, or feed carrots or beets with. We would, when thus fed, make but little difference between good barley or even oat straw, when early and properly cured, and Timothy, for stock, especially cows in milk. For young stock, tender Timothy is excellent. We are so reckless in feeding! We feed promiscuously—we feed what we have to feed without taking much pains to get a proper selection, or to prepare it well. For instance, we feed few corn-stalks, raised on purpose for fodder, when yet this is one of the cheapest and one of the best hays that can be fed—and in the summer, in a dronth, it is of the greatest advantage, fed out green.

ENRICHING SOIL.

If you wish to enrich your soil, and have no manure on hand—or have a knoll that is not ready of access—sow peas or clover, and plow in the crop. Peas are best where the topsoil is wanted to be enriched; but clover best otherwise with its long root, which penetrates and enriches the sub-soil. The roots of the pea also penetrate, but they are not so large as that of the clover. There is no straw so rich in fertilizing material as pea straw, and few crops can be grown so largely in the straw. Prepare your ground deeply-mellow, and plow in your peas: never sow a pea broadcast. When the crop is at the point of ripening, when the vines are yet green—turn under. That is your bed of manure—and of that kind of manure that will grow anything. The pea draws largely from the atmosphere—and is therefore so much clear gain to your soil. This is a most successful way, practiced in many parts of the country. If you have a clay sub-soil, use clover instead of peas, as the strong roots of the clover will penetrate the clay. But either will do, peas or clover, and under nearly the same circumstances. Use the large clover for plowing in.

SCRATCHES IN HORSES.

A correspondent writing to the *New England Farmer* thus refers to "bright varnish" as a cure for cuts, wounds, and especially for scratches in a horse:

"When I worked at my trade in the city, I had occasion to use different kinds of paints and oils; among them was what was called 'bright varnish.' Frequently I would cut myself sometimes so severely that I have been laid up for weeks. I would try all kinds of salve, but the wound would be a long time healing. One day I cut my hand severely, and as I had nothing at hand to put on it, I thought of varnish; as it is a sticky substance, I thought it might stick the wound together; accordingly I bound up my hand with it and kept on at work; the varnish relieved the pain, I had no soreness in the wound, and in one week it was entirely healed. My son was sawing through a board one day, and carelessly put his hand under the board. He had his forefinger bone entirely sawed off. I put the ends together, put on this varnish and bound it up. The result was, that after one week the bandage was removed, and the finger had nearly grown together. My horse once had scratches so badly that it was difficult to get him to move about. I rubbed the parts affected with this varnish for two days, which caused a perfect cure. The varnish can be bought at the paint shops."

SUMMER SHELTER FOR SHEEP.

We cannot take too much care of our sheep. They should be considered as members of the family, especially the lambs, as much so as Brindle, or the family horse. There should be a community of feeling existing—and then there will be attention—then there will be success—for when we love a thing, we are not apt to let it suffer.

Sheep are tender, and need careful handling. They need it in the summer, as well as in the cold rains of autumn and winter. The heat is severe on sheep, especially in August and September. Then they require shelter, shade: so from the rains and cool nights which now and then occur even in midsummer. One thorough wetting, (and it needs not much rain in summer to do it, the wool being short,) followed by a cold windy night, is very hurtful, more especially by its contrast with the heat, which has weakened the sheep. Those who know say shelter is money well laid out. Portable shelter is best—so that the shed may be moved to any part of the lot where it is wished to manure it—the dung of the sheep being one of the strongest manures—or to another lot. A light building will answer the purpose.

Recklessness in Keeping Cows.

People are not generally aware that the cows kept for milk throughout the country—where but few are kept—are a non-paying thing. They keep them because they want milk and butter—and if a few cows furnish sufficient for the family, no other reckoning is had. Yet these cows cost about as much as they are worth, on an average, and thus the labor is lost. It is heedlessness that permits this thing. A cow that gives but 1,500 quarts of milk to the season, is a damage to a man. And yet the country is stocked with such cattle. Even in established dairies we find many such. The difficulty is, we don't make an estimate. The milk is used without count; and so is the butter. Who ever keeps an account of the whole amount of milk during a season? If a cow doesn't give 2,000 quarts of milk, dispose of her. There may be exceptions where the milk is rich. But think of it, a good Ayrshire, or an excellent native, will double the amount of milk. Here you have the gain of a whole cow; and in consequence of the breed or quality. So much for looking about, and making estimates. A man must know his business, or his business is pretty sure to get the advantage of him—for that goes on the mathematical principle. Throw out the poor cows, and get good. You can go at considerable risk and expense to do this, and be the gainer. You must do it eventually; and the sooner the better. It is painful to see how largely worthless cows are kept—and how very worthless some of them are. Let these go for beef, for something—for nothing, rather than keep them. The West, we are glad to see, is getting alive to the importance of good blood in cattle; also, in sheep, &c. This is a most excellent sign; and the first served, are the first benefitted.

GREASE FOR LEATHER.

In smearing leather with oil, we aim not only at making the leather pliant, but also at making it waterproof. Train-oil often is used for this purpose, but no fat gives more imperfect results; for while no liquid fat is suited to render leather permanently water-proof, train-oil possesses this characteristic, that after a while it dries up, and then the leather becomes brittle. Hog's lard is admirably adapted to secure both objects—pliability and impermeability to water. It renders the leather perfectly pliant, and no water can penetrate it. It is especially suitable for greasing boots and shoes; but, in the summer season, an eighth part of tallow should be melted with it. It should be laid on when in a melted condition, but no warmer than one's finger's dipped in the mass can bear. When it is first applied to a boot or shoe, the leather should be previously soaked in water, that it may swell up, so that the pores can open well and thoroughly absorb the lard. The liquid lard should be smeared over the articles to be waterproofed at least three or four times, and sole leather oftener still. Afterwards, the lard remaining visible on the outside, should be wiped off with a rag. By this means, you may have a waterproof boot or shoe, without the

annoyance caused by most stuffs penetrating the leather and greasing the stockings. An occasional coating of hog's lard is also to be recommended for patent leather boots or shoes, as it prevents the leather from cracking, and if it be not rubbed in too strongly the leather will shine just as well after the grease has been applied.—[Shoe and Leather Reporter.]

WORMS.—If you wish your horse to be free from these pests, you will find a good remedy furnished by the *Prairie Farmer* as follows: Powdered poplar bark 2 ozs.; powdered sulphur 4 ozs., table salt 3 ozs., worm seed 1 oz., carbonate of soda 8 ozs. Mix, divide the mass into twelve parts, and mix one with the food every night. This will not only remove the worms, but also tone up the digestive organs so that the parasites cannot for a time generate."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

RENEWALS.

Our warm thanks are hereby tendered to our subscribers for the prompt renewal of their subscriptions. Our expectations have been more than realized by the hearty manner in which our readers have endorsed the change of our paper and remitted the additional dollar. We expected some would take exceptions to remitting for the additional six months, as we had not determined, when we closed the last volume of the *Valley Farmer*, to issue our new journal. We are pleased to say that out of thousands who remitted for the *Valley Farmer*, only two have yet taken exceptions to the change and refuse to send the additional dollar for the *Rural World*. They seem to think that notwithstanding we change the form and size of our paper, and issue it twice a month instead of once, we ought to send it a year to them. If they were liberal men, and knew the cost of publishing a paper like ours, they would change their opinions. But it takes all sorts of men to make a world—some are liberal—some are sordid—some are honorable and manly, and some small and contemptible. We are glad our list contains so few of the latter.

We still have some on our books who have failed to renew their subscriptions. We presume this is a mere matter of neglect on their part—for we cannot see how any wide-awake farmer can do without our journal. It comes to him twice a month with its cheerful face, giving him "light" on the very profession he follows. The wife, the sons and daughters, all find in it information interesting and useful to them. Our paper is not only an Agricultural and Horticultural, but a Family paper. Its object is to interest, instruct and elevate all who peruse its pages. And we have just made arrangements to greatly increase its value by obtaining valuable assistance in conducting it. Henceforth we intend it shall be second to no paper of its class in this country, and those who continue to read it till the close of this year, will become convinced, we believe, that we have carried out our promise.

A large number of new subscribers have been received at our offer to send the paper for six months in clubs of four for \$3. We would be glad to receive still greater acquisitions to our subscription list under this proposition. Have we a single reader who could not procure a club of four for \$3 for the last six months of this year? Every farmer who sees a copy of our paper is pleased with it, and wants it. Show it to your neighbors, and they will take it—and they and we will be benefitted.

THE MASONIC TROWEL.—We are in receipt of this publication. It is devoted to Masonry, and is brimful of Masonic intelligence. To all our brethren of the Craft, and the general reader, we can commend it. It is neatly printed and ably edited. It is published monthly, by H. G. Reynolds & Son, Springfield, Ill., at \$1.25 per year.

NURSERYMEN'S MEETING.—A meeting of Missouri and Illinois Nurserymen will be held at the office of the *Rural World*, 97 Chestnut St., St. Louis, on Saturday, July 22, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of taking into consideration the prices which should be charged for trees and plants the coming season.

THE CROPS.

Corn, considering the wet season at planting, and dronth in some places, is doing well, especially on dry, rich soil, and where it is well cultivated. Some is backward through negligence—though still there is promise of a fair yield, even with these drawbacks.

Oats are pretty well down—in many cases, flat. The early sowing generally has escaped this injury, and although lodged, the crop was pretty well matured before it was cast. There will be a full yield, though less easily gathered than if sown on lighter soil, which would have insured its upright position. The crop about St. Louis is a good one; and we hear favorable results generally.

Wheat, on the whole, is a fair crop. The chinch-bug has been hurting it in a few localities. In others, it has been winter-killed to some extent; but in the main the crop is a good one, the berry plump.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We sometimes receive poetical articles that have the merit of graceful and easy versification, and are unexceptional in morals and in thought. They lack but one thing—poetry. The body is there; but the soul is wanting. There is no true inspiration felt at the time of writing, and flowing from the heart as well as the brain. The greatest bore in literature is, dead poetry—all the worse for being tricked out and hung with bells. We want what the writer has got in him. If that fails to be good, let him cultivate himself, not the ornaments of verse. True poetry is nowhere more heartily welcomed than by us. But we cannot entertain even fair or mediocre verse.

ALDERNEY COW.—W. W. Lillard, of Columbus, Ky., desires to know where he can purchase a good Alderney cow.

COLMAN'S RURAL WORLD.

"This handsome double quarto semi-monthly (a continuation of the *Valley Farmer*, as we have already noticed,) reaches us regularly and improves with age. Now that the rebellion is substantially over, brother Colman will have a wide and ere long fruitful field of labor, and we trust his *Rural World* will soon number its tens of thousands of subscribers. When we were about starting the *Rural New Yorker*, one of the oldest agricultural journalists in the country advised us to locate at Cincinnati or St. Louis, and gave some cogent reasons therefor, but we thought from fifteen to twenty years must elapse before such a paper as we proposed would succeed there, and hence selected the heart of Western New York. But the time is now at hand when a first class agricultural and family Weekly can be sustained in the South-West, and we predict that the *Rural World* will, at no distant day, become such, instead of a semi-monthly.—[*Rural New Yorker*.]

Our cotemporary sees the case as we see it. The Great West requires a paper devoted specially to its rural interests—to the development of the soil, its grain, grass, and especially its fruit. No country in the world is so interested in agriculture as the West. It has the soil, the climate—and the rivers and railroads to carry its produce. Neither does it lack intelligence, nor enterprise. It shall be the endeavor of the *Rural World* to direct these—and to point to the development of the resources of the country. To this effect we have advanced our paper from a monthly to a semi-monthly—and hope soon to make it a weekly. This change has necessitated our employment of aid in the conduct of our journal, and our readers may look for increased effort and improvement. We have also enlarged, with our change, our sphere of subjects. We must cater for the family and for the more general reader. We shall make our journal a paper of the West, so far as the product and interest of its soil demand. In the more general or literary department, we shall aim at merit rather than mediocre originality. We shall endeavor to reach all classes: instruct as well as amuse—hence, simplicity of language, as well as selection from our classical, and less known but genuine literature, will be given. We shall do all we can to encourage original merit. But we want the true mint, or at least the evidence of its existence in the writer. Mediocre merit is the death of newspapers and of books. Our obligations are due to our cotemporary for his handsome notice of us.



HORTICULTURAL.

TAYLOR'S BULLITT WINE.

Of all the native wines we have yet tasted, we must give our decided preference to that made from the Taylor's Bullitt. And this is the opinion of all we are acquainted with, we believe, who have yet tested it. Mr. Miller, an extensive grape grower and wine producer of Pennsylvania, gives it his decided preference. Mr. Louis Wolfe of this city, a large importer of wines, says if we can produce this wine in sufficient quantity, we can stop the importation of Sherry wine. It remarkably resembles Sherry, and it would require a good judge to detect the difference.

This grape is white or amber-colored. It was found growing wild on a spur of the Cumberland mountains in Tenn. The berry and bunch are rather small; but when the vine is properly pruned, it makes up in number what it lacks in size. Mr. Miller, of Pennsylvania, says the people do not know how to prune it for bearing—that they prune too much—that it needs a good deal of cane, and should only be shortened in. The cane is a very vigorous grower, very healthy and hardy. The fruit is sweet and of a delicate flavor.

We are promised an article from Mr. Miller on the culture of this grape, and particularly on the treatment it should receive in pruning.

We desire to gain all the light we can on this variety, which promises to be a great acquisition to the wine grapes of this country.

NEW ROCHELLE BLACKBERRY.

This variety of the blackberry has proved to be by far the best in cultivation in the West. It is not only very productive, but the berries are large; and if allowed to hang on the canes until thoroughly ripe, are unsurpassed in quality by any other variety.

It should be planted on the richest ground to get the largest returns. We recently visited a patch of an acre or more, having the wash of a barn-yard, and we never saw such a show of fruit. The canes were bending under the heavy load, and the berries the largest we ever saw.

The plants should be set in rows at least 8 feet apart, and they may stand quite thick in the row. The canes should be kept headed in during summer to 3 or 4 feet. They will not need trellises treated this way, and will yield a greater amount of fruit.

FEEDING THE GRAPE VINE.

It has been demonstrated that no thoroughly ripened fruit can be obtained from unripened wood. When the wood is immature, it has not its functions in perfection—and it requires perfection to perfect the grape; it requires a proper soil, in ingredients, (clay, lime, &c.) to develop flavor and soundness; and warm, friable soil in addition, to mature, not only the wood, but the fruit. The two must go together—wood and fruit maturing: one is dependent upon the other. And yet how little attention we are paying to this thing! We are too much after great growths and great crops, caring little for quality—for future soundness and improvement.

In few things does the soil require such friability, such looseness, as in a grape soil. There should be a soft, spongy tread to it. Why? So that the air may circulate through it. We do not lay stress enough upon this air circulating through the ground. It feeds with its carbon the soil—and carbon is the principal support of vegetation. It warms the ground, like so much heat entering it—and imparting its warmth, as it at once does, it at the same time, communicates moisture, which the expanded air held—thus furnishing water and heat. This it cannot do if it does not enter the ground, which is the case with all hard soils.

The ground being thoroughly prepared in

the first place, by mellowing it to the depth of 18 or 20 inches (which plowing and sub-soiling will do), the top-soil should be kept in a loose, springy condition constantly during the summer. And here comes an important point: as manuring is required after a few years (the ground at first being supposed to be sufficiently rich), care must be taken in the making or selection of soil, to see that sufficient sand and non-conducting material is mixed with it, to give it a porous, partially leachy condition at top—less so as you go farther down, tending in the bed of the main roots, which has a retentive soil—a sub-stratum of clay and lime principally: clay is a good holder of the fertilizing materials. More sand, therefore, on the top. This is, that the manure in the top-dressing which the soil is to receive, may penetrate to the roots, which it will not do, at least not readily, where a heavy soil, clay especially, predominates. This light, porous coat, will speedily let the manure through to the roots—the upper roots which lie high—or, if these are removed (as some think they should be), still further down, so as to meet the main roots. The top-soil may be composed, in part, of leaf-mold or chip manure, sand or gravel.

This, then, will answer the purpose of a mulch. If manure—rotted manure from the barn—be used, it should be put in a trench dug round the vine, about a foot or more from it. We have known a whole barrowful of night-soil from the privy used with eminent success on an Isabella vine, in the East, growing fruit rather than wood. Liquid manure is preferred by some.

When to Pick Apples and Pears.

Most people let apples and pears become too ripe before they gather them. They want to see them fully ripe—ready to fall off the tree before they pick them. This is wrong. If picked a few days before maturity, they will keep longer, color more highly and command a higher price in market. The precise time to pick is rather difficult to determine. The best criterion is, to raise the fruit up, and bend the stem over, and if the stem parts from the shoot without breaking, the fruit is ready to pick—whether apples or pears. Pears should be picked proportionally earlier than apples. The quality of the fruit is also improved by early gathering. After being picked, it should be put in tight boxes or barrels, and kept a few days in the dark, if of summer or fall varieties. Here they undergo a sweating process, and when the barrel is opened, the fruit will be found of the brightest crimson and richest golden colors. Half of the secret of success in orcharding, is in knowing how and when to pick fruit, and how to get it to market so as to command the highest price and readiest sales. Every one's experience must govern him, and the more he studies this matter, the more expert he will become. We are anxious all our readers should think while they work—that the mind should be exercised as well as the muscle in all farm operations; and particularly should this be the case in fruit growing, where skill of the highest order will always be suitably rewarded.

A BLACKBERRY PATCH.

There is something inviting in a patch of blackberries. Some people make it a treasure, a pet—and yet a profitable one. This profit wonderfully increases the interest. That such a small thing—so circumscribed—should have such an effect—the full force of a farm often—and then be so little trouble, so safe in its increase—as the blackberry may be made for, the hardy and prolific New Rochelle will seldom disappoint. Unharmed by the frost, it needs but attention—and no plant will thrive more with good attendance. It is a great feeder; it takes hold of the strong juices of the barn-yard, and devours them greedily, with an immediate effect. This feeding hastens the ripening period wonderfully, especially if the weeds are kept out, and the ground stirred. If the ground is mulched with a light manure—leaf-mold or chip-manure—it helps greatly in keeping the moisture in the ground, (and moisture is a necessity for the blackberry, as for berries in general,) and it prevents weeds from springing up. Besides, such a mulch may be stirred—and the more it is stirred, the better it is—it so lets the

air through to benefit the soil, and thus the plant. But feed with manure the ground before planting. Make rich, deep. Plow deep, and sub-soil; and keep canes short—two to three feet. Tie to stake, or not, as you please.

And here you will have a beautiful thing to look at, the beauty enhanced by the profit. What security in such beauty! This, then, is part of your possessions, your home. Those large, fine, glistening Ethiops, looking at you with a nectarine look—and all yours—grown for you. You pick—and how soon you fill your measure!—and away to market: money in return, with more berries waiting. Is this fancy? far from it. We have seen many a home like it—we call it home, it so brings together the affections, which a wide space of land will not do. There are now many people happy in such a possession, and other possessions of the kind, for there are many fruits that may be treated in this way.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

Make Your Orchard a Specialty.

Each business should be made a specialty, and the energies concentrated upon it. This is the secret of the success of the world. This energy, scattered upon various pursuits, weakens and defeats, in a measure, the success desired. Hence, so much mediocre and barely paying effort. Look at our best orchards and farms—at the various professions—and success is almost always coupled with clean, careful culture, and concentrated effort. And yet we divide and scatter—and fail, with all these examples before us.

We must change this practice, or we shall not succeed, or only partially—which is not success, not what is wanted.

Look at the condition of our orchards, and see what recklessness, what culture. The trees are set, and left to nature—and nature will grow grasses and weeds, and awkward trees. Do you expect fruit from such an orchard? You will be disappointed. You will lack the flavor, the size, the amount of fruit. Besides, you will be called a sloven. In a word, you will be unhappy, with money out of your pocket.

All these things may be avoided, and their opposites met, by devoting your time and attention to your trees.

In planting an orchard, let it be an orchard, and not a field for grain, or grass. It is true, you may raise some slightly-rooting and transient crops—hoed crops, or even strawberries, centrally between the rows of the trees; but as soon as the trees begin to occupy the ground, stop: then stop. Plant your trees closer than usual. Train low tops, rising from the ground, and thus occupying it, so that the crop is a crop of trees, leaving but little space—only sufficient for good circulation of air. Keep all grasses and weeds and grain out. Keep a thoroughly mellow top-soil. This requires work, attention. But it is an excellent mulch, this mellow top-soil. Other mulch may also be used to advantage. The trees will aid by their shade.

It is necessary that your ground is, not only rich, but deeply rich. If porous, leachy even, all the better—for then it will be thoroughly drained—the great necessity of an orchard. Never set a tree where there is a hard, impervious sub-soil. Never set a tree where water is apt to stand, even if but for awhile. The deeply-porous, loose sub-soil, is what a tree likes—and it will send its roots through it to a great extent. If rich withal, such a tree will revel, and bear you fruit, with proper pruning and thinning, that will be the delight of your heart—and be able, by its vigorous and healthful growth, to ward off the effect of insects to a great extent: the vigor of the growth will overcome the hurt of the curculio, and leave, in most cases, but a scar. Besides, it is pretty well known that low culture of the top is favorable to growth. Why has not this been demonstrated? But this seems to be the fact. A tree will grow better with its top near the ground—the nearer, the better.

Of course, in such an orchard, cattle have no business; the ground must be kept sacred to the trees—and only trees occupy the cleanly, mellow soil. But keep thinned out the branches: begin the year the trees are set out. Thumb-and-finger-pruning will do most that is needed—

and not hurt it, as other pruning. But this thumb-and-finger pruning, or rubbing off of the buds, must be often resorted to in a season, as new shoots in a well aired top are apt to be constantly pushing forth. Thus an orchard may, with little and light labor, be kept thoroughly in hand. G.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

Cultivate Flowers—especially Natives.

I fear we do not cultivate native flowers and shrubs sufficiently. We are attached to exotics—because it is the fashion—because they are showy.

It is the association that makes a plant valuable. Exotics are often prized in this respect. The daisy, the fox-glove, the celandine, and many others, have a history in literature, that makes them as charming as the poems that embody them. We might mention multitudes—some dating back almost to the beginning of time. The middle ages; the East; Egypt; chivalry—all have their flowers, clustering with associations; and how various—how interesting—poems in themselves! A flower is one of the most perfect poems in nature. Why not transplant it—bring it to our homes to adorn them—to surround us with its poetry?

This, we are glad to see, is largely done—though the motive may not always be laudable.

Then, our own country has its flowers—but of entirely different associations. History proper has little to do with our Flora. It is the great multitude, the almost infinite variety, that address themselves to the mind. But the chief thing is, the purity of association. If the flower is held to be innocent, no where is it so innocent as here. The virgin wilderness is its home; and its date back is lost in the dimness of time. From this dimness it comes forth, pure, bright, simple—associated with the wild eyes of the wood, the beasts of prey, and the Indian.

For simple beauty, nothing surpasses our American flowers. Let us then surround us with these pure emblems—simple children among the more passionate sisters of the old world. Cultivate them, and they will soon equal the exotics, if that is desired. In Europe American plants are largely cultivated. Why not cultivate them here? The time is coming when all this will be done. RAMBLER.

Covering Peas With the Plow.

Sow your peas in the furrow, and turn your next furrow upon them: in this way put in your peas. It is the nature of the pea to be deep in the ground. No danger of its rotting.

By plowing in, say from 6 to 8 inches, the crop will be heavier and thriftier—double or treble the crop which is harrowed or drilled in, or sown broadcast. The difference is so great that no farmer should ever put in peas without plowing them in. The soil should be dry.

But one thing must be kept constantly in mind in the cultivation of the pea—a deep loosening of the soil. Plow your ground deeply, say in winter or early spring (never wet), and sub-soil, if possible, so as to get from 15 to 20 inches of loose soil. This is necessary in consequence of the great depth which the roots of the pea will attain. And in this mellow soil they luxuriate. If the ground is rich, the straw will be immense, as the root runs deep and wide, and draws up the unemployed mineral matter of the soil—the potassa and the lime. If less rich, there will be more berry in proportion, in which case the phosphates are drawn upon.

REMEDY FOR CURRANT WORM.—When this pest begins, it will generally sweep a whole neighborhood. A certain remedy, we are told, is the dust of white hellebore, obtained cheaply at the druggists. Sift a little from a pepper-box, or flour-box, upon the leaves outside, and also some inside. It is said to make clean work of the worms at once—and its acrid nature would seem to favor this conclusion. Hellebore is a poison, but will not affect plants in the least. A slight dusting is sufficient.

To thin fruit is not to get the less fruit, but the better.

We are afraid to prune; we are still more afraid to thin out our fruit, the nice pears and peaches; but that is the way to get nicer.



THE SABBATH.

Sabbath holy!
To the lowly
Still art thou a welcome day:
When thou comest, earth and ocean,
Shade and brightness, rest and motion,
Help the poor man's heart to pray.

Sun-waked forest,
Bird that soarest
O'er the mute empurpled moor,
Throats' song, that stream-like flowest,
Wind, that o'er the dew-drop goest,
Welcome now the woe-worn poor!

Little river,
Young forever!
Cloud, gold-bright with thankful glee,
Happy woodbine, gladly weeping,
Gnat, within the wild rose keeping,
Oh that they were blessed as ye!

[EDNEER ELLIOTT.]

ORIGINAL STORY.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

CALM AFTER STORM.

Juliet Dorr is a widow of thirty, handsome and womanly. Her characteristic is, the expression of the feminine. Delicate, yet not slight. Every one likes the widow, praises her; every one loved her when a girl. Her eye is the one radiating thing, that gives expression to her face—soft, and pleasant, and inspiring.

This softly-feminine and quietly-intelligent woman, is out in the fields, accompanied by her spaniel, the smallest of his race, with white body and flapping brown ears, seeming like a little plant with broad twin-leaves, that wave to and fro in the wind like a fan. The little feet go quick, to keep up with the slow stride of the woman, who notices little the petite doings of the dog snuffing at the flowers and weeds, very dog like, as though he too wanted to be a canine, which he hardly seems to be—rather a household plant. Like Miss Mitford's spaniel, he is now after a large flock of sheep, barking vociferously, and running—trotting—with all his might, his little feet tripping so fast, they seem like spokes in a rapid wheel. His ears are moving backward and forward, seeming like a fairy thing. His voice is the strongest thing about him; that is sharp, short, and shrill—yet not harsh. But the sheep hear it, and run; turn back often with wonder-looking eyes, fearful of such an intruder of a dreaded race.

"Trip, what are you doing, you great dog you?" spoke the lady, playfully.

Stopping his little feet, and half-turning to attend to a horse-tail (*hippurus*) that was a fine contrast to his flap-ears, he seemed all attention and obedience to his mistress, after having performed the feat of his larger brethren of driving a whole flock of sheep; it might, for its success, as well have been a panther or some other formidable wild beast. So the lady had a dog to guard her. But this was not needed. Her virtue did this, and the one deep expression of her eye, which commanded respect.

Woman and dog went together, how innocently, happily, and femininely!

Juliet Dorr had been in mourning a year.—She had but a shadow left of it now, as a tree in a field retains but a bit of the forest shade that surrounded it. She had been secluded and quiet. But Juliet Dorr had not always been so. As Juliet Grace (her maiden name) there had been the same bewitching eye, and the quiet, feminine demeanor; but more sprightly, more girl-like, but very womanly even at sixteen. Then she was the "star of the glen"—in a few years more, "the cynosure of neighboring eyes"—of all eyes, old and young, male and female: all loved this bewitching, innocent, happy, sorrowful, yet reticently witty girl. Humor, with a spice of satire, was diffused through her nature, and gleamed amid the sadness of her life, like a gem in the dark mine. What was it that made her sad?

Albert Whitlock, like all the young men,

loved Juliet Grace. She was in the way of being overburdened with admirers, when the "gem" of her nature was brought into requisition, polished, and in the form of a shaft. This soon drove them. A few loitered. They saw only the diamond, not the spear. These she retained. So much had flattery already begun to spoil her. She played off these. It was a new pleasure to her that she had never experienced; and it was exciting; so much so that she was not exactly happy, innocently brought up as she was.

As her latest admirers dropped away, new ones appeared. How they flocked to the fine old cottage, like doves—to return like snowflakes, chilled and discomfited. At last the number was exhausted, and our Graceful deity had to seek for worshippers outside her neighborhood. But these in time were exhausted: the trick was known—only, however, by the knowing ones and the wounded. There were still deluded ones at her immediate beck. Albert Whitlock was one of these. She made him an instrument—for she had need of help. She was at last in the predicament of her unfortunate suitors. A male—"grace" had taken hold of her—and played with the charming thing. As he was not in earnest, only to derive pleasure, he had all the advantage of self-possession and cunning. Cunning, however, is too strong a word. He did not mean evil, no more than did the maiden in her successes. But the favor, however slight and incidental it may have been, and however shown—by a word or a look—Juliet Grace found something in it that swayed her whole being, carried it away by the superior force of the mind she came in contact with.

All her admirers were as chaff now, swept away by the wind. And Juliet Grace became sad, and more graceful than ever. She now was irresistible—moved—agitated—in half-mourning at the uncertainty of her happiness—for this support of the nation's cause—this great, and noble, and better mind—was too absent, too little concerned about her. Her sense, even in her passion, saw this. Ah! how shall she win so much power, protection, and comfort?—It was the only thought of her life. Even the consolings of her mother, and the light of her hearth, were of no avail. This man would call casually. It was a mere "accident" when he called. Did then all this life that emanated from him, mean nothing? Cared he no more for Juliet Grace, than for Mary Boun, the gardener's daughter? Could his life not stoop down to the low sphere of Juliet Grace? No, Juliet Grace was as nothing; so thought our heroine.

Time rolled—but without change. All the admirers of Juliet dropped off—had long since done so—till a very dearth possessed the neighborhood. This grew chronic—and Juliet Grace was fast being forgotten. She seemed indisposed—was truly so. Her idol kept aloof, or called, as usual, casually. Many little incidents could be related, that aggravated beyond endurance; but they are not necessary.

At length a desperate flirtation took place. This was varied, so as to attract the attention of the imperturbable man, who never flinched nor stooped to a small thing. Juliet Grace saw her error; mended it, as such a thing can be mended—as broken crockery is mended—damaged by the act. The man was still imperturbable, still calm. This also displeased, but she held firm to her anchorage—the maiden's heart. But she now assumed another role. It was here Albert Whitlock was brought upon the scene, and made use of—but so quietly, so unobtrusively, the fact scarcely became known.

Albert was wealthy; was a good, honest man; of fair capacity—and a devoted lover of Juliet, without demonstration, and her nearest neighbor. Albert was the friend of our hero—they were on terms of intercourse. This the wily siren knew.

"What does he think of me? This I will find out now—and this dunce shall be the key to my knowledge. I will use him."

So thought Juliet Grace when she became desperate. And, forthwith, she put her thought into execution. She overwhelmed "the dunce" with herself; took him in close communion consultatively—and found out valuable truth.

But these truths, though they gratified, they did not make her happier. On the other hand, they decided her fate. Our hero became aware

of the secret of these conferences—but, undisturbed, he kept his way, only learning the desperate character of the case—pitying the girl—scarcely flattered at the pains she took.

She discarded her tool at last, and gave up in despair. Next, the town was startled with the news that Juliet Grace was married—married to Timothy Dorr—a hair-brained fellow, and nothing more. The acquaintance was one of but few months, and the marriage sudden.

This was not unexpected to our hero. But he pitied her the more; and treated her with more attention and some warmth—but all in the most unexceptional way, which told Juliet Dorr what kind of a man she had missed, more than all else, and what kind of a man was her "legal protector." So she resigned herself to the despair of her ease. Even then the light of his countenance, as it now and then gleamed upon her, was like the illumination of mid-day. And Juliet Dorr could no more help this light falling upon her, than she could prevent the noon-day light. She must shut herself up absolutely, or here it would shine for her—for the world blazed with it—and she would not leave the vicinity of such a presence—a presence which was a security—an outside influence for good, to those around it, and to her: she was included in the mass. "She should have been the elected one—the specially favored by him," she probably thought. But this would have been too much happiness—too much for this mortal state: besides, it was impossible. Our imaginations, when wrought up to intensity (as is the lover's), are out of the range of human possibility—over and above it. These high-wrought anticipations are never realized. Juliet Grace had struggled hard to obtain the impossible—struggled wonderfully hard for one so amiably feminine—and the old struggle is only subsided, not ended, in Juliet Dorr. It is overcome, so as to be kept in restraint. Hence, she endures her man—because he is her "lawful husband." The heart is not there; another has that; and she cannot recover it.

Years passed—pretty much in this way, with less aggravation. Nature was assuming her normal level again—but it was slow, almost imperceptible.

Timothy Dorr died, respected, lamented—lamented by her who was "chief mourner." The deep, dark eables became her. She was buried in them—buried for a year, as we have seen; and then her weeds assumed the mere shadow of mourning. Now she is the sparkling widow, the perfect woman, taught by adversity, toned down to the experience of life. She is chastened and subdued, yet looking out of her affliction (of which the death of her husband is but a ripple) like the moon—not the sun—out of a cloud, showing the glory of the heavens around her: *he alone is the sun.* And the "moon," is it the less attracted, since its escape from the recent orb that essayed to draw it, but could not from this centre of attraction? It is not presumable. It is still attracted, and more than ever, while free now to swing to its natural centre. And this same moon is fairer in her clouds, than when clear in the heavens. Its new phase is a milder, pleasanter one, moving as well as being moved upon—all of which supposes the centre is yet present—in its distance.

But it is nearer. Is that possible? Are we verging toward that great luminous centre?—Ay. And so was this orb. Moon was cold; sun was warm in his majesty, dispensing as usual, light and life—not favor.

Our widow grew happier, ardent and inquiring. Her intelligence was perfect. So was her experience, which had taught her. Instead of clashing with her lovers, and casting her "sweetness on the air," she cultivated the too long dormant, neglected faculties of her mind—heart, rather. She was determined to take life as it came—bear its infirmities, and enjoy its rewards.

And she grew—as if from the point in her youth where she had stood still to attend to the things around her. She now takes up the old thread, so long, long lost, or kept out of sight. The new, vigorous sap of life began to flow as in youth. Her cheek assumed its mantled hue; the eye its wonted health and innocence; and the voice a softer, mellower tone.

Here was not only the amiable and the feminine in perfection, but the sound, healthy

heart undisturbed by passion: that sea had reached its calm.

And thus we see the widow and the little spaniel threading the soft carpet of the fields. April's tenderness was all around them. There was health and the youth of life in everything. No mad currents of passion spoiled in the least the subdued thought, and the pleasurable feeling which the scene opened and presented on every hand.

The result of this stroll is a garland of flowers.

The result of another stroll (by another) is also a garland of flowers.

Both garlands are made up of April flowers. Yet from these blooms, two entirely different collections are made—are evidently intentionally selected.

Our hero presented the one; it was his holiday: he had nothing else to do. The cares of State had fallen from his shoulders; and now—he found himself picking flowers—April flowers—and presenting them.

Why so different from hers, this garland?—all gathered in the same place, same neighborhood. Pains evidently were taken at the selection; and what does it mean? Perhaps there is a language here, which the large sprig of fragrant sweet-briar suggested. There was, however, no flower: too early for that. There was then hope in that—a prospect. And what was the language of this shrub? "I wound that I may heal." And to this sentiment was strung the whole history of this bitter, turbulent life of the past years. All was represented; and all pointed—to a question. It startled Juliet Dorr. She forgot her own garland, which was wrought, half-unconsciously, from a similar motive—shaping itself, not to a question, but an answer; and the thought struck her, after much embarrassment, to present hers. The chance offered itself—and Juliet Dorr, blushing as Juliet Grace used to, presented, half-carelessly, her answer. He bowed as he took it; gave it a glance; glanced at the donor inquiringly—for both garlands had been gathered at the same time, and without each other's knowledge. Marvelous coincidence! It pleased our hero more than he had been pleased for many a day—the mere coincidence.

There was no great agitation. The period for that had passed. Juliet Dorr could now look upon the man who had been the cause of her agitated life, with simply a profound respect and joy at heart—which was all natural—which was all in the course of human events. The exaggeration of her conception of this man had all passed away. She saw a fellow-being at her side whom she loved and esteemed—and not adored as God alone should be adored. She saw in him a protector—for, need I say, the second wedding of Juliet Grace was consummated? which proved to be, truly, the first—the first, because the only true one—of her life. And now she is contented, and therefore happy.

CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLE.

Show me a man of the greatest practical wisdom, and you will show me a man without resentment. This is the central idea of Christianity. Whether consonant with human nature, matters not: its practical effect is excellent.—But then we have the consolation to know that it is practiced, and always with success. And they who practice it have an influence for good such as nowhere else is found. But we who are most troubled with the infirmities of human nature, may practice (by self-denial), and attain to the eminence of Christians—not church members necessarily, but men who do good from the nature of their principles, which their life, thus tutored, necessarily reflects. Such a man, a true Christian in principle, or in actions, does the good in the world, morally—and morality is the foundation of society. As are the morals of a nation, so is the nation. Politeness is based upon it—upon an amiable disposition. We see this in Christian nations—not among barbarians. To cultivate morality, requires an effort—but nothing benefits so much. Think of a world of true brotherly love. There would be no need of almshouses or houses of correction. The millennial would then have arrived. And this is within our reach; is each individual's privilege—duty.

MASONIC MATTERS.

THE INDIAN MASON.

It is not among civilized men only that the universal genius of Masonry has extended her purifying and protecting influences. Many Indians have passed through the ordeal of initiation, and it is worthy of remark that the red Mason of the forest is said to be as tenacious of his obligations, as observant of his duties, as the most intelligent and high-minded of his white brethren. A fact in proof of this assertion occurs in the Revolutionary history of our country.

Joseph Brandt, a celebrated Mohawk Indian, had, on account of the strong natural intelligence he exhibited when a boy, been taken under the especial patronage of Sir William Johnston, Governor of Canada, by whose care he received all the advantages of a European education. Subsequently he went to England, under the patronage of the Earl of Moir, afterwards the Marquis of Hastings; and while in that country was initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry.

On his return, however, the habits of early life resumed their influence, while the acquired ones of education were abandoned; and Brandt, throwing off the dress and usages of civilization, assumed once more the blanket and the rifle, and seemed to forget, in the wilds of his native forests, the lessons he had learned in his transatlantic schools. But the sequel of our story will show that, however treacherous his memory may have been in other things, on this subject at least, it proved to be admirably retentive.

During the Revolutionary war, at the battle of the "Cedars," thirty miles above Montreal, on the St. Lawrence, Col. McKinstry, then a Captain in Paterson's Regiment of Continental Troops, was twice wounded, and afterwards taken prisoner by the Indians employed in the British service.

The previous bravery and success of Capt. McKinstry had excited at once the fears and the resentment of his Indian conquerors; and, in accordance with the custom of savage warfare, he was forthwith doomed to die at the stake, accompanied with all those horrid and protracted torments which the Indians know so well how to inflict and to endure. Already had he been fastened to the fatal tree, and the preparations for the human sacrifice were rapidly proceeding, when, in the strong agony of his despair, and scarcely conscious of a hope, the captive made the great mystic appeal of a Mason in the hour of danger. It was seen and understood and felt by the chieftain Brandt, who was present on the occasion. Brandt at once interposed in his behalf; and succeeded, by the influence of his position, in rescuing his American brother from his impending fate. Having freed him from his bonds, he conducted and guided him to Quebec, where he placed him in the hands of the English, by whom he was permitted to return to America on his parole. Col. McKinstry lived several years after to repeat, with grateful emotions, the history of this singular occurrence, and died at length in the year 1822, in the State of New York. The sons of Brandt and McKinstry subsequently met together in a lodge at Hudson, in the State of New York, and both their names are there recorded on the visitor's book.—[Freemason's Magazine.

Here is a nice bit of description:
Thus the little girl answered,
Only stopping to eling
To my finger a minute,
As a bird on the wing,
Catches a twig of sumach
And stops to twitter and sing.
[Fitz-Hugh Ludlow.

Here is another:
Scarcely more than silence,
Some remembered tune,
Caught when youth was merry,
Picking flowers in June—
Haunts her lips, this quiet
Winter afternoon. [Anonymous.

We Think Ourselves Superior to the Ancients.

We think because we have the advantages over the ancients in improvement, we are therefore the wiser. It is a sadly mistaken notion, for we are only wiser so far as the improvements are concerned, and these—what we call improvements—are not always such, for it is pretty well understood that we but re-produce what the ancients once had. But all this aside, we must learn just what those that went before us learned. A man must learn human nature, and the things around him. And it takes the same effort to learn it. One man, therefore, is a re-production of the same man in all ages and places: he has got to go through the same learning. Hence, we should not despise the knowledge of the ancients, and deem ourselves above them. The truth is, we have not yet come up to the ancients. We can yet learn of them: we are constantly referring to them. They were an industrious age—more so than we. It is therefore the application of the man that does the thing.

THERE ARE NO DEAD.

BY SIR E. B. LYTTON.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless Universe
Is life—there are no dead.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

SELF-THINKING.

It is not good for the student to rely upon his books, or his teacher. His own mind must think the thing out. Then it will be his own knowledge as it were. It will then make an impression on his mind. It would seem odd for a man to sit down—merely sit down, and think. It would look more like idleness than anything else. But then this is the way—not necessarily just to sit down and fold your hands for a think, the mind should be generally engaged, whether a man walks or rides, or is otherwise employed. This gives him the *habit*—an important thing. Where thinking is the main business of life (professionally), this should be done. Of course there are exceptions, where the man is occupied otherwise, or what requires his whole attention. But thinking must be made a business with a professional man, or he will never succeed. He must get the thought; he must think the matter out, till he knows what there is of it. It matters not what the subject; all subjects, for he must have a general knowledge, if he would succeed in a special thing. It is the general knowledge that prepares matter for particular use; and this general knowledge need but be continued. Think! think! That's the secret. Continue to think, till it becomes a habit. But if there is no inclination? Then think as much as you can—though you are not so apt then to succeed—for a man must reflect, so as to keep up with the times at least, or he will find himself thrust aside.

OLD STUDENT.

THINGS WORTH OBSERVING.

Time and truth will always carry the day. The one (time) is necessary to carry out the other (truth). All wise men therefore rely upon truth. They know that in the end all will be right; and that establishes a man.—They can afford to wait a little while if necessary. But the fool wants present effect.

A pleasant thought will dawn upon the sight,
As dawns the sun upon retiring night,
In cheerfulness of mood,
Revealing thus a wondrous world,
That otherwise had all been furled.
Encourage then a pleasant thought,
And you will see the things you ought,
And know to choose the good.

A full stomach makes an empty head. Hence great eaters are poor thinkers. The ancients had many fasts, and excelled in thought. The principle is: all the nervous energy is required to dispose of the full meal, so that the mind has a lack of it. Gorge yourself if you wish to be stupid; fast if you wish to be clear-headed. Authors take advantage of these things.

TRUSTING TO LUCK.

We are too apt to think that chance, in some way or other, will benefit us—especially in great undertakings. Now, it never does—not even once. You will find the thing just as you left it; nature will do what she always did—follow her laws, and just as invariably as the sun rises. What if the sun should forget to rise—just once! Now, why not?—why not a big chance, just as well as the one you are looking for? Dispel the delusion; be not a boy.—The world moves by mathematical direction—and that always, as it always has. "But"—There is no *but* in the matter, unless it is you that are made a butt—and that is what it is.—Trust then to calculation, and never to luck. All great men, all successful men, do this: and the ignorant do the other thing.



VICTOR EMANUEL II.

The person represented in the picture, was formerly king only of Sardinia, but is now King of Italy. He is said to be a brave man, and has done much to free the people of Italy from the thralldom they have suffered under the temporal power of the popes. It is said that a reconciliation has taken place between the Pope and Victor Emanuel, and that the latter will soon be crowned Emperor of the Romans. Thus the temporal power of the Pope is waning.

WIT AND HUMOR.

SELECTED.

A Methodist and a Quaker having stopped at a public house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down, prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he rose, the Quaker observed, "Really, friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

A little girl, after returning from church where she saw a collection taken up for the first time, related what took place, and among other things, she said, with all her childish innocence, "That a man passed round a plate that had some money on it, but she didn't take any."

A certain nobleman was much addicted to the bottle. On the occasion of a fancy dress ball, or masquerade, he asked a friend what new character he should go in. "Go sober," was the reply.

Nearly all brave men have been of finely organized and thereby of nervous temperaments. Julius Caesar was nervous, so was Bonaparte, so was Nelson. The Duke of Wellington saw a man turn pale as he marched up to the battery. Said he "That man is a brave man; he knows his danger and faces it."

Eradicating weeds, and thus preventing their seeding, is always a profitable operation. The crop we intend to grow is then not compelled to sit down to its dinner with a number of strong and hungry competitors.

A Dutchman related his marvelous escape from drowning where thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat and he alone saved.

"And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers.

"I didn't go in the pote," was the Dutchman's placid reply.

UNEXPECTED AFFECTION, is unexpected deception in disguise. It is almost always so, varying in degree. For there is no unusual good in us all of a sudden. The good to us then is only adventitious, with perhaps a base, ulterior motive. So the country-man is dazzled when he goes to the city, and is taken in by the sharpers; so the fortune-teller holds out unusual good. There is no such unusual good.—This is all in your eye, and to your sorrow. People are not so benevolent as to bestow such benefits upon us.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

If the following is reliable, a useful discovery has been made:

TO PRESERVE BERRIES.—Take good ripe berries of any kind—put them into a jar having a cover to fit closely; put on a heavy weight to press them down under the juice, which will soon be pressed from the berries. Preserved thus, they will keep good any length of time, and may be used with sugar as sauce; or without, as tart.

FRENCH CAKE.—Half cup of butter; two cups of sugar; three of flour; three eggs; two teaspoons cream tartar, one of soda; one cup of milk. Beat the eggs; add the milk; then the butter and sugar beaten together; then the flour with cream tartar rubbed in; then the milk and soda last of all.

CREAM PUDDING.—Take six eggs; six ounces of sugar; teaspoonful of flour. When well stirred add one cup sweet milk; salt to taste; then add one quart sweet cream, and bake twenty minutes.

TO MAKE POT-PIE.—Take one chicken, cut in pieces; boil until done; add a dozen oysters; some potatoes sliced; let it come to a boil, put in your crust; let it boil hard ten minutes.

BEAN SOUP.—Take one pint beans, boil till soft; add one parsnip, sliced; three or four sliced onions; piece of red pepper. You can boil it with a piece of salt pork, or season it with butter. It is nice.

POTATO YEAST.—Peel and boil six or eight potatoes, mash them, pour on two or three quarts warm water, add one cup of old yeast, a spoonful of salt. Put in a warm place to ferment; put in a jug, cork tight. It will keep in a cool place, three or four weeks.

CREAM CAKE.—One teaspoon of white sugar; one teaspoon of cream; white of one egg; half teaspoon of salt; one-fourth teaspoon of saleratus; one teaspoon of flour. If the cream is sweet, put in a teaspoon of cream tartar.

SORGHUM COOKIES.—Two teaspoons of sorghum, one of butter; two eggs, well beaten; one grated nutmeg; a little salt; one teaspoon of cream, in which a teaspoonful of soda is dissolved; add sifted flour enough to make a dough.

PLAIN RICE PUDDING.—Two quarts of milk; one teaspoonful of uncooked rice; a piece of butter, size of an egg; one egg well beaten; salt and sugar to taste. Bake two hours in a well heated oven, stirring two or three times thoroughly, as it begins to bake. A teaspoonful of raisins can be added if desired. Or the above with a little less milk and no egg.

CROCKERY CEMENT WHICH IS TRANSPARENT.—Take 1 lb white shellac, pulverised; 2 ozs. clean gum mastic; put these into a bottle, and then add 4 lb pure sulphuric ether. Let it stand half an hour, and then add half a gallon 90 per cent. alcohol, shake occasionally till it is dissolved. Heat the edges of the article to be mended and apply the cement with a pencil brush; hold the article firmly together till the cement cools.

From Correspondents.

ED. RURAL WORLD: The crops here (Friendsville, Wabash Co., Ill., July 4th,) do not look very promising. Wheat will not make half a crop—many fields not cut—rust the cause. Corn generally late, and looks bad. Grass is fine. Oats look fair, considering late sowing.

D. S. P.

ED. RURAL WORLD: We had plenty of blackberries since the 25th of May. Figs will be ripe in ten days and peaches in July. This country will always have to depend on the North for apples, grapes, cherries, gooseberries and currants, for they are almost a failure here every year. So I am told by the market gardeners.

J. P. WARD, U.S.A.

Mobile, Ala., June 19, 1865.

COMMERCIAL.**ST. LOUIS WHOLESALE MARKET.**

SATURDAY EVENING, July 8.

TOBACCO—The market is rather easier for all qualities, with sales this morning of 1 hhd scraps at \$2 80; 13 hds green lugs from \$4 30 to \$ 90; 15 factory \$5 to 5 70; 4 planters' \$6 to 8; 17 common shipping \$8 40 to 12 75; 4 medium do \$13 to 14; 1 common manufacturing \$18 25; 2 medium do \$21 75 to 25 50; 1 fine at \$55.

HEMP—There is some demand for common to make into rope at \$115@118. The nominal range for fair to choice undressed is from \$120 to 150; fair and good dressed at \$215@220; choice do \$225@230; hatched tow, uncovered and covered, \$115@120 per ton. Sales of 16 bales dressed hemp at \$220, and 15 do do at \$215 per ton.

COTTON—Holders asked 43@45c for middling and strict middling, and buyers offered 42@43c for these grades. We notice some demand for low middling to-day, with transactions at 37@40c. Ordinary cotton was very dull.

FLOUR—Sales comprised 150 bbls choice double extra, a favorite family brand, at \$8 75; 100 do common double extra at \$7; 1,450 do single extra, in various lots, mostly inspected and delivered, at \$6 50; 135 do super a \$5 55; 100 do do at \$5 60 delivered; 395 do low fall super at \$5 50; 100 do spring super at \$5 25; 100 sacks triple extra at \$5 90; 300 do double do at \$3 75; 300 do single extra at \$3 30.

WHEAT—The small receipts and unfavorable crop news caused the market to stiffen. Sales of 183 sacks choice fall at \$1 65; 800 do on private terms; 225 do prime at \$1 55, and 245 do common and fair from \$1 30 to 1 40. We quote spring wheat steady at \$1 10 @1 15.

CORN—Market firm. Sales of 600 sbs white at 85c; 627 do yellow and mixed at 82c; 700 do mixed at 80c.

OATS—Market buoyant, and sales mostly from store of 300 sacks choice at 61c delivered; 1,250 do prime, in various lots, at 60c; 250 do do at 59c, and 850 do good at 59c.

BARLEY AND RYE—No receipts of barley, and no demand for the article. Rye is dull and nominal at 45@50c.

HIDES—Buyers generally willing to pay 10c, and some as high as 11c, for flint. We continue to quote dry salted at 8c; green-salted 5c.

HAY—Market drooping, and sales 100 bales choice tight-pressed timothy to a dealer at \$22; 100 do prime tight pressed at \$21, delivered; 880 do do, in various lots, part delivered, at \$20, and four car loads loose-pressed at \$18 per ton.

WHITE BEANS—We quote prime and choice at \$1 50@1 65; sale of 6 bbls at \$1 25 per bushel.

POTATOES—Receipts of new are moderate, and sales by the wagon load at \$3 25@4 for the measure of the barrel.

TALLOW—Demand steady at 10@10c.

BUTTER AND CHEESE—We quote Western store at 18@22c; dairy at 25c. Cheese at 17@18c.

EGGS—In light supply and firm at 23@24c, shipper's count, and 24@25c recounted and candled.

DRIED APPLES—There is no demand except for choice, which we quote quick sale at \$2 25; but held firmly at \$2 50 per bushel.

WOOL—Market quiet. Sales of tub-washed at 50 @55c; fleece-washed 40@44c; unwashed at 25@30c per lb.

GROCERIES—Muscovado sugar 13c@14c; Louisiana at 14c@15c; Porto Rico at 16c@17c. There was a fair business in Rio at 31 to 32c. We quote Java at 38c. Hanna's New Orleans syrup, in bbls, is selling at 85c; New York Syrup at 60@65c. Rice is selling at 12@14c per lb, according to quality.

LIVE STOCK.

BEEF CATTLE—We note a fair supply and light demand. Very few cattle are taken for shipment. Sales yesterday at the Bellevue yards of 50 head of good beefs at 6c; 15 do fair at 4c; 100 do common, by retail, at 3 to 4c. To-day, 100 head arrived, which the Butchers' Association were selling by retail this morning at 4c to 7c gross for fair to prime.

Messrs. Geo. S. Taylor & Co., brokers, report cattle active for the past two days, with actual sales as follows:

Number.	Gross Weight.	Price.
13 head	14,510 lbs	6c @ lb gross
4 cows	3,710 "	4c "
12 head	9,720 "	3c "
6 "	6,230 "	5c "
11 "	8,740 "	4c "
15 "	14,140 "	4c "
50 "	59,680 "	6c "
15 "	10,300 "	3c "
2 "	1,950 "	4c "
2 "	1,900 "	5c "

HOGS—In good demand for shipment and for supplying the city stalls, with sales at 8@9c, gross.

SHEEP—Supply moderate and demand fair at \$2 75 to \$5 for common to choice.

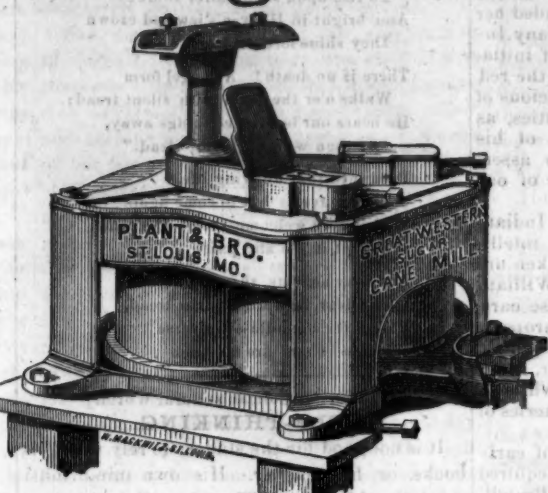
COWS AND CALVES—The market is well supplied and easy for buyers at \$18 to 60, according to quality.

HORSES AND MULES—A fair demand prevails for all kinds of horses, and prices are quite satisfactory to sellers. John Finn & Co. have had daily auction sales this week at their extensive mart, corner Fifth and Carr streets, amounting altogether to 177 common horses, from \$35 to 170; 31 do common mules from \$40 to 135. A few nearly worthless horses brought corresponding prices. At private sale six horses were sold at an average of \$200. Large mules, fifteen hands high and upward, four years old, are in good demand.

Great Western Sugar Cane Crushers!

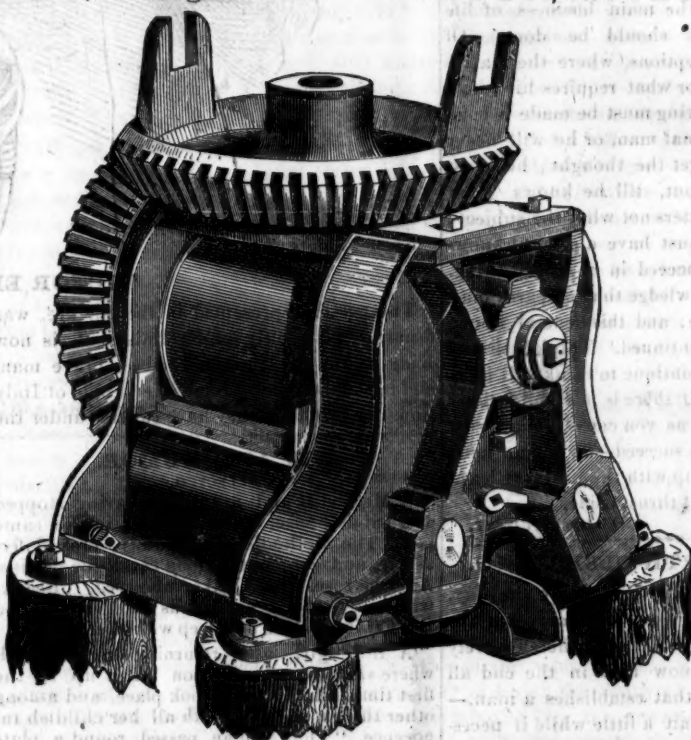
The great peculiarity of this Mill over all others consists in the cog-gearing being made very heavy, with two clutches on each, which clutch in two corresponding ones on each roller, making a very simple but strong fastening, thereby doing away with all keys, enabling any one to take the entire Mill apart in a few minutes.

The step boxes are provided with oil chambers,

**VERTICAL SUGAR CANE CRUSHER.**

In offering these Mills to the public, we do so with the utmost confidence in their superiority both in principal and construction, having sold them for three years.

	Power.	Three Rollers.	Capacity per Hour.	Weight.	Price.
No. A,	Light one-horse,	one 6 x 10, two 6 x 7,	40 to 60 gallons,	455,\$ 75 00
No. B,	Regular do.	one 6 x 12, two 6 x 7,	60 to 80 do.	515, 90 00
No. C,	Light two-horse,	one 7 x 14, two 7 x 8,	70 to 90 do.	775, 110 00
No. D,	Regular do.	one 8 x 16, two 8 x 8,	80 to 110 do.	830, 120 00

**Horizontal Sugar Cane Crusher.**

The advantages gained by the arrangement of gearing in this Mill, which is designed to work with a sweep, are threefold. The crown wheel, to which the sweep standards are bolted, is large, and this assists in giving it power. It is placed directly over the Mill, which saves the side strain, and makes the Mill very compact, strong and durable.

	POWER.	THREE ROLLERS.	Capacity per hour.	Weight.	Price.
No. E,	two or four horse,	one 12 x 12, two 12 x 8			
No. F,	steam or horse,	one 20 x 16, two 20 x 12			
No. E,	100 to 150 gallons,	1105,			\$175.00
No. F,	200 to 300 do.				

PLANT & BROTHER, ST. LOUIS, MO.,

Manufacturers' Agents for Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Illinois.

WE ARE ALSO RECEIVING A LARGE STOCK OF THE FOLLOWING CELEBRATED CANE CRUSHERS AND EVAPORATORS, All of which we will sell at the **LOWEST CASH RATES.**

FARMERS AND DEALERS will do well to CALL and EXAMINE our Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

CANE CRUSHERS AND EVAPORATORS.

VICTOR, UNION, AND CLIMAX MILLS.

SKINNER'S PLANTATION MILL.

COOK'S GALVANIZED IRON EVAPORATOR.

HARRIS' GALVANIZED IRON EVAPORATOR.

STEEL PLOWS.

Tobey & Anderson's Peoria.

Deere's Moline.

Smith's Cast Cast-steel.

Runk's, Black's, and Sattley's Gang.

STAFFORD'S TWO-HORSE SULKY CULTIVATOR.

Palmer's Excelsior Horse Hay Hoisting Fork.

Palmer's Revolving Horse Hay Stacking Machine.

Straub's and Noye's Portable Plantation Corn and Wheat Mills.

LEATHER AND RUBBER BELTING, HOSE, PACKING, &c.

WHEAT DRILLS, &c.

BUCKEYE—8, 9 and 10 Flukes.

HOOSIER—8, 9, 10 and 11 Flukes.

CAHOON'S BROADCAST SEED SOWER.

WELL'S

HAY, STRAW and CORN STALK CUTTERS.

LEVER GATE.

SANFORD'S.

ROCHESTER.

EUREKA.

TELEGRAPH.

EMPIRE.

MASTICATOR.

NE PLUS ULTRA.

Sherman's and Little Giant Rubber and People's Cork Roll CLOTHES WRINGERS.

QUEEN OF THE WEST WASHING MACHINE.

HAWSE'S CLOTHES DRYER.

Power Cotton Gins, Hand Cotton Gins, and Spinning Machines.

ALSO, A FULL SUPPLY OF WARRANTED FRESH AND GENUINE

Garden, Grass and Other seeds.

All of which we warrant as represented.

CALL and get Illustrated Catalogue—furnished Gratis.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JULY, 1865.

PLANT & BRO.

MO. AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE & SEED STORE

BARNUM, FENNER & CO.,

No. 26 South Main Street, Saint Louis, Mo., Opposite Merchants' Exchange.
Between Market and Walnut Sts.

[SIGN OF THE GOLDEN YOKE.]

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINES,
Also, Garden, Grass and Field Seeds.

CHAMPION SELF AND HAND RAKING

Reapers and Mowers and Single Mowers.

The latest improved of the celebrated Ohio machines.

Those wishing to purchase a harvester, are requested to call and examine this acknowledged CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

BUCKEYE GRAIN DRILLS,

With grass seed sower attachment (the leading drill by universal consent).

BUCKEYE CIDER MILL,

Simple, durable and effective.

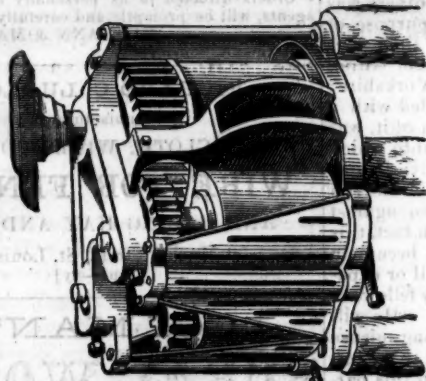
Buckeye Sulky Corn Plow.

Agents for Celebrated Victor Sorghum Mills,

Manufactured by the Clark Sorgho Machine Co. Also

COOK'S SUGAR EVAPORATORS.

8,000 IN USE, ALL FULLY WARRANTED.

Boils a running stream.
Syrup is led over cooling surfaces.
Has transverse currents. Furnishes different degrees of heat, &c. &c.

THE

VICTOR MILL

THE

Has lapped gearing—flanged master roll—diagonal braces—oil tight boxes—moveable sweep cap—adjustable false plate—cleaning scrapers, &c.

Nonpareil Washing Machines with Universal Wringer.

Threshers, Horse Powers, Cotton Gins, Sulky and Revolving Hay Rakes, Plows, Cutting Boxes, &c. &c.

THE SORGHO HAND BOOK very useful to Sorghum Growers, FURNISHED GRATIS.

BARNUM, FENNER & CO.,

NO. 26 SOUTH MAIN ST., SAINT LOUIS, MO.

THE BEST IN AMERICA.



The Railway Horse Power that is unequalled for ease of team, amount of power, and has never failed to take the FIRST PREMIUM OVER ALL ITS COMPETITORS wherever tested. The Combined Thresher and Cleaner, that cleans equal to any Fanning Mill, fit for mill or market.

THRESHERS, SEPARATORS, FANNING MILLS, WOOD SAWS, SEED SOWERS, PLANTERS, &c.

All of the best in market. For Price and Description, send for Circular, and satisfy yourself before purchasing. Send in your orders early, as we are governed by "first come, first served."

R. & M. HARDER,
Cobleskill, Schoharie Co., N. Y.

je15-3t

Genuine CANARY BIRDS

For sale—Singers \$4 each; \$5 for male and female; or the whole stock, consisting of 15 to 20 birds, for \$30.

ST. BERNARD DOG

For sale—is a good watch dog, kind to children. Address or call on the printer of the Rural World.

EXCELSIOR SALE AND LIVERY STABLE.

EIGHTH ST. BETWEEN LOCUST AND SAINT CHARLES STS., SAINT LOUIS, MO.

The undersigned would inform their friends and the public generally, that they have thoroughly re-stocked and furnished the above stable, for the purpose of doing a livery and sale business. Possessing a thorough knowledge of the business and unsurpassed facilities, we feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to all who may send us their horses for sale. We keep also a good supply of CARRIAGES and BUGGIES on hand, suitable for the country trade.

je15t

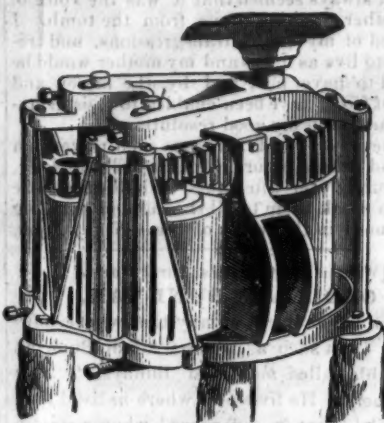
PORTER & CO.

DR. WHITTIER,

Longer located in St. Louis than any other Chronic Disease Physician. Office 65 St. Charles St., one square south of Lindell Hotel, Saint Louis. All Chronic, Virulent and Special Diseases treated. Hours, 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. Confidential consultation free of charge. Call at office and receive Theory of Disease free. Communications by mail promptly answered. My Theory of all such diseases sent free for two 3 cent stamps. [copy]

WESTERN NURSERIES, ST. LOUIS, MO.

The proprietor offers for sale, at wholesale or retail, a large assortment of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, of most all kinds, and are of the best selected fruit for the West, consisting of Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry, Plum, Quince, Grapes, &c., and all Small Fruits. Packing and shipping done in the best of order. Address the Proprietor, 223 Locust St. Saint Louis, Mo. [mar15t] STEPHEN PARTRIDGE.



Herewith we present Cuts of the Celebrated

VICTOR SUGAR MILL

AND

Cook's Renowned EVAPORATOR.



We deem it almost needless to say anything in recommendation of these mills, as their reputation is thoroughly known in sections where they have been used. For several years our supply of mills have been entirely inadequate to the demand, but we think this year our arrangements will be such as to meet all demands upon us. We are just in receipt of a large lot of mills and

EVAPORATORS!

AT ALL PRICES AND SIZES.

Farmers, before purchasing elsewhere, call and examine our stock. As harvest is fast approaching, we would call the attention of farmers to the fact of our keeping the most approved

HARVEST IMPLEMENTS,

COMPRISING—

HAY HOISTING FORKS,

OF VARIOUS PATTERNS.

SULKY HORSE HAY RAKES & WHEELS

REVOLVING HORSE HAY RAKES,

Cradles, Scythes, Wood Rakes, Forks, &c.

Farmers will find it to their advantage to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, as our prices are LOW, and we do not hesitate to warrant all we sell.

BLUNDEN, KOENIG & CO.,

Western Agricultural Depot and Seed Store, 56 Second St.
Saint Louis, Mo.

American Horticultural Register.

The undersigned having been engaged to prepare and publish a Catalogue of American Nurserymen, Horticultural dealers and Agents and Fruit Growers, desires to procure—

I. Of nurserymen throughout the United States—the name, post-office, county, state, acres in nursery, sale stock for 1865-6, viz: Number of apple, pear, peach, cherry, plum, apricot, nectarine and quince trees; grapevines, currant, gooseberry, raspberry, blackberry and strawberry plants; stocks-apple, cherry, pear and quince; deciduous trees, evergreen trees; deciduous shrubs, evergreen shrubs, vines, creepers, roses, perennial flowers.

II. Of dealers and agents—name, post-office, county, state; names of nurserymen for whom acting; extent of territory, furnished or canvassed—nurserymen are requested to furnish this information of all their authorized agents.

III. Of fruit growers—name, post-office, county, state, acres planted, number of trees, vines and bushes, of apple, pear, peach, cherry, plum, apricot, nectarine, quince, grape, currant, gooseberry, blackberry, raspberry and strawberry.

IV. Of fruit dealers—name, post-office, county and state.

Persons sending the above information, with a 3 cent stamp for return postage, previous to Aug. 15, will receive a copy of the Register free of charge.

Early, prompt and correct information is urged, and will make this a valuable book of reference to buyer and seller. W. C. FLAGG,
Secretary Illinois State Horticultural Society,
June 15, 1865. [jy8t] Alton, Ill.

R. S. King.

B. M. Million.

KING & MILLION,

Agents for the sale of

Missouri and Illinois Lands,

No. 39 Pine st., first door east of Third, St. Louis, Mo.
Will attend to the

Payment of Taxes for Non-resident Land Owners. Commission Reasonable.

For sale—MISSOURI & ILLINOIS LAND, improved and unimproved, in quantities to suit purchasers.

Pear and Peach Buds.

We have a large and choice lot of Pear and Peach trees, all carefully labelled, which have made a fine growth the present season, and from which we can supply a large lot of buds at budding time. They will be carefully packed in moss, so as to be sent safely to any part of the West. Price, \$3.00 per 1000 buds.

NORMAN J. COLMAN,
St. Louis, July 1, 1865.

BAROMETERS & THERMOMETERS.

I wish to announce to my friends and the readers of the "World" in particular, that I have just received a lot of the above-named instruments. A barometer is an indispensable article in every household, especially to the farmer, as it indicates the exact change in weather—and if he only knew the usefulness of the instrument, he would not hesitate to pay a small sum for an article that will save hundreds of dollars.

Price, from \$10 to \$25. No. 114 Market St.,
ly*30 JACOB BLATTNER, OPTICIAN.CLIMAX
ADJUSTABLE

SUGAR MILLS!

SKINNER'S PATENT—DEC. 10th, 1863.

We are manufacturing the above valuable Sugar Mills for this season. The manufacturers last year being unable to fill their orders for the States of Wisconsin and Illinois alone.

A TREATISE ON THE CULTIVATION OF
SORGHUM,

Sent free on application to

Kingsland, Alter & Clark,

Cor. 2d and Carr Sts., St. Louis, Mo.

[je15-5t]

200,000 Apple Seedlings.

I have a choice lot of apple seedlings, healthy, thrifty and of fine length, as they have been grown in good, rich land, prepared by sub-soiling to the depth of 20 inches. They are preferable to seedlings grown at the North, as they have not been injured by severe freezing. Those wanting seedlings would do well to give us a call. NORMAN J. COLMAN,
St. Louis, July 1, 1865.PURE WHITE FACE BLACK SPANISH
FOWLS.For sale at \$5 per pair; \$7 per trio. E. A. RIEHL,
jy4t Alton, Ill.

LOVE.

A voice from the opening flowers,
A tune from the dim old woods,
A sound from the grating rain,
A shout from the bounding floods,
A whispering 'mid the leaves,
Light from the spheres above,
And the myriad notes of the meadows and streams—
Speak avastore of love.

The song of the summer bird
With its music glad and free;
The restless, wandering wind,
And the ever-flowing sea;
All voices of delight,
Around us and above—
Pour out in the highest fervor more,
One anthem-strain of love.

The sigh of the autumn wind,
The twilight's whispering moan,
The cry of the orphan child,
And the tear of the mourning one;
Earth's weary hum of toil
From her sorrowing tribes that rove,
The cradle-moan, and the withering tomb—
But strengthen the links of love.

No pain is ever known,
No grief will ever come,
No cloud with its shadow deep
To darken a happy home,
No joy is e'er denied,
But a blessing they all may prove,
For all are lessons, if read aright,
From God, whose name is Love. [Anon.]

SELECTED STORY.

"I thought it was My Mother's Voice."

A friend told me, not long ago, a beautiful story about kind words. A good lady, living in one of our large cities, was passing a drinking saloon just as the keeper was thrusting a young man out into the street. He was very young and very pale, but his haggard face and wild eyes told that he was very far gone in the road to ruin, as with an oath he brandished his clenched fists, threatening to be revenged on the man who ill-used him. This poor young man was so excited and blinded with passion that he did not see the lady who stood very near to him, until she laid her hand upon his arm, and spoke in her gentle, loving voice, asking him what was the matter.

At the first kind word the young man started as if a heavy blow had struck him, and turned quickly round, paler than before, and trembling from head to foot, he surveyed the lady for a moment, and then, with a sigh of relief, he said:

"I thought it was my mother's voice, it sounded so strangely like it! but her voice has been hushed in death for many years."

"You had a mother, then," said the lady, "and she loved you."

With that sudden revulsion of feeling which often comes to people of fine, nervous temperaments, the young man burst into tears, sobbing out, "O yes, I had an angel mother, and she loved her boy! But since she died all the world has been against me, and I am lost!—lost to good society, lost to decency, and lost forever!"

"No, not lost forever; for God is merciful, and his pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady, in her low, sweet voice; and the timely words swept the hidden chords of feeling which had been long untouched in the young man's heart, thrilling it with magic power, and awakening a host of tender emotions, which had been buried very deep beneath the rubbish of sin and crime.

More gentle words the lady spoke, and when she passed on her way the youth followed her. He marked the house where she entered, and wrote the name which was on the door-plate in his memorandum book. Then he walked slowly away, with a deep, earnest look on his white face, and deeper, more earnest feelings in his aching heart.

Years glided by, and the gentle lady had quite forgotten the incident we have related, when one day a stranger sent up his card, and desired to speak with her.

Wondering much who it could be, she went down to the parlor, where she found a noble-looking, well-dressed man, who rose deferentially to meet her. Holding out his hand, he said:

"Pardon me, madam, for this intrusion; but I have come many miles to thank you for the great service you rendered me a few years ago," said he, in a trembling voice.

The lady was puzzled, and asked for an explanation, as she did not remember ever having seen the gentleman before.

"I have changed so much," said the man, "that you have quite forgotten me; but though I only saw your face once, I am sure I should have recognized it anywhere. And your voice, too, it is so like my mother's!"

Those last words made the lady remember the poor young man she had kindly spoken to in front of the drinking saloon so long before, and she mingled her tears with those which were falling slowly over the man's cheeks.

After the first gush of emotion had subsided, the gentleman sat down and told the lady how those few words had been instrumental in saving him, and making him what he then was.

"The earnest expression of 'No, not lost forever,' followed me wherever I went," said he,

"and it always seemed that it was the voice of my mother speaking to me from the tomb. I repented of my many transgressions, and resolved to live as Jesus and my mother would be pleased to have me; and by the mercy and grace of God I have been enabled to resist temptation and keep my good resolution."

"I never dreamed there was such power in a few kind words before," exclaimed the lady, "and surely ever after this I shall take more pains to speak them to all the sad and suffering ones I meet in the walks of life.—Sunny Faces.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

OLD ADAM BUNNYAN.

Once a lad as lively as any that we see now-a-days. Just such a lad was Adam Bunyan—probably called then "Ad Bunyan." Now he is ninety. He lives now where he lived then—but, oh! what a difference! what a stretch between! Adam Bunyan had seen much; but it was mostly by seeing over what he had seen—constantly seeing the same thing. So that after all he had seen but little. He had seen nothing of the world, only his own acres—familiar with the sun and the fields and with honest labor. He liked the sun, the fields. He was the more attached to his homestead; the hearthstone was a dear thing—and so were his children and grandchildren about him. These last—small grandchildren—were a sort of curiosity; so gay and neatly dressed, running into the modern life, he hardly knew what to make of them—a sort of natural flower of his dale cultivated. Gay, sprightly little boys and girls they were—and he half-liked the novelty, but was hardly satisfied. Leaping upon his knee with all their gay attire, he hardly knew what to do with them. So careless, so lavish were these neatly-dressed. "Ah! they are hardly children." Yet he suffered them.

He has even seen another generation, now that he is ninety. These are all but strangers to him; hence, he is alone. His children have departed; his grandchildren are old; he is getting more and more to be alone. This is so bad for his old age, when he needs so much protecting care.

Bent, he will stand upon his staff, for a long time, the staff his only support. Even his dog has long since ceased to accompany him. His house is a new one. The grave of his wife has a new tombstone; he visits it no more.

It is time he leaves these things. When he tries to think of them, he finds it difficult; and he thinks it is because they have changed so much, not knowing that the greatest change is in him—in his forgetfulness.

He goes out to get a sniff of air. He looks over the fields—the very grain is different. All improvement—all different now. Even the days of tillage are changed. Is the earth then changed also? All is changed; he is changed, and ripe, and fit for the sickle.

Curious eyes watch him. There is little affection for him, for he is not known, only as old Adam Bunyan; and few know him by that name. But he breathes and lives along—and continues to do so, so tenacious a life in this strong frame, that hewed the forest and pioneered the race that lives about him.

He should die. How fit, how ripe he is to go! He is not like his old friend, the sun, vigorous. That goes on; but he goes down.

Little he talks! so little, his voice has a cracked, unnatural sound. The very form of thought is new to him; the old in literature is living in him. Here is a man of the days of old; or was, for we have not seen him recently.

SILLY.

One of the silliest of things, is, to have a man sit down to write when he has nothing to write; to see him sit and think—waiting for inspiration. It is the words, the language, that is the main point with such a man—and that is what makes the thing so supremely silly. As if writing was a mechanical thing of words and phrases, and not telling what a man has to say. It is the thought, the thought. It is just nothing else. Thought is what is wanted—for that is what does the business of the world. And when the thought is a happy, a fine thought—a thought that instructs—a thought that stirs to action—why, who does not want such a thought? Thought happiness, benefits; then let us have thought. Let us not have the jingling of sounds, or mere nice words. We can refer to the dictionary for that.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

SCRAPS.

Eternity is the great ear listening to the doings of time.

A bad man is a weed run wild; a good man is a cultivated plant.

We live, and that we know; we die, and that we do not know: death knows nothing.

Never discourage the pursuit of happiness, as a happy man does more good than an unhappy.

Light shows its own work—the beauty it creates.

The kink in a man's life is often tied by a woman.

A man who repeats himself will soon tire his audience. Nature, who constantly repeats herself, is never tiresome: she knows how to present herself.

Distance does half the cheating in the world; contact breaks the delusion.

Good will not come to us: we must go and seek it.

Evil is constantly on our track. If we remit our effort, it will overtake us.

We hate selfishness in others; we prize it in ourselves.

The proudest man, as well as the greatest, will stoop to a flower.

What is a virtue in one nation, is often a vice in another.

More evils originate from bad marriages, than from all other sources together.

Our violations of the rules of life are easy; the penalties are heavy.

The poet in his dull moments is worse than a prosier.

It is said that copperas (sulphate of iron) is an excellent disinfectant. It is readily dissolved in water, and may be applied anywhere.

"HE'LL NEVER SET THE TEMSE ON FIRE."—Very few know the origin of this common phrase. Many years ago, before machinery was introduced into flour mills for the purpose of sifting the flour, it was the custom of the miller to send it home unsifted. The process of sifting was done thus, but principally in Yorkshire; The temse, or sieve, which was provided with a rim which projected from the bottom of it, was worked over the mouth of the barrel into which the flour or meal was sifted. An active fellow, who worked hard, not unfrequently set the rim of the temse on fire by force of friction against the rim of the flour barrel, so that, in fact, this department of domestic employment became a standard by which to test a man's will or capacity to work hard; and thus, of a lazy fellow, or one deficient in strength, it was said, "He will never set the temse on fire." The long misuse of the word temse for sieve, as well as the superseding of hand labor by machinery in this particular species of work, may possibly have tended to the substitution of sound for sense, in such phrases as "He will never set the Thames on fire," the North River on fire, or any other river,—[Home Journal.]

An able physiologist has written that one-fifth of the human body is composed of phosphorus. Punch remarks that this most likely accounts for the number of matches made.—[Ex.]

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